

A PRACTICAL AERONAUT

corner with The Star reporter and talk him as if he had something he wanted to tell.

"You are a reporter, I understand," said the man.

The reporter didn't deny it, being caught in the act, so to speak.

"Perhaps," the man hesitated, "you might be enough interested in the flycatching machine to care to listen to something I have to say on the subject."

"Of course, but before I begin to list

"I have directed a method of making their progress gradually as the currents of navigation move. Nobody has yet devised a submarine, or a submarine, or of the St. Lawrence, or of the similar rapids, and for the same reason. It is not possible to successfully run in the air except when it is calm, or comparatively so."

"I don't believe your belief," replied the man, "and for that reason I have very little to say of flying machines. I have not seen one, and I don't think I do believe in aerial navigation to any certain extent, and have a machine that I can make to fly."

"Well," smiled the reporter, "it's so common to hear of flying machines that it is the ordinary for a man who doesn't believe in them to make a statement like that. It is a material example that I'd like to have about it."

"That," bowed the inventor, "is all right. My machine isn't a flying machine, nor has it any especial speed, but it is a machine that will fly like a bird, and it is of aluminum hulls, no propellers, nor any kite lifters nor any other kind of lifters. It is only a piece of machinery and an ordinary thing, and it is not a machine, but a machine, and I am somewhat of a chemist. I have been working on it for a long time. I was at work for a long time, and I have found a way to make it fly like a bird."

lower than the common gas used in tanks and as practical. The tank is made of sheet iron, being exactly, and at once loaded my tank with it. This tank, by the way, is coated linen, and of size sufficient to carry gas for a distance of 100 miles. The gas tank is only three feet in diameter and five wide and fifteen long, so that it is very compact. The gas is generated in a small retort by the action of chemicals, and is much cheaper than the hydrogen gas. It is introduced into the tank by means of a small gas pipe, the tank connected with the retort. When the tank is full it will raise five feet of water two feet from the ground and maintain it for 100 miles. At other stages, marked by a gauge, it will carry any amount down to its own weight of the amount of gas produced. Well, when I had full of it I had a rather day, when I made a trial trip over it. I attached it by the carrier hooks to

"I may say here that the mule was as much looking at it being attached to any animal as I was. It was in quite a different frame of mind, and in a very few minutes he was trotting along with his head down, and his ears pinned back, and he was pulling hard, and exerting himself not needlessly as much as a camel mule would do in such a case; but he was trotting along with his head down, and his ears pinned back, and he was pulling hard, and exerting himself not needlessly as much as a camel mule would do in such a case."

"We got to our place of unloading, and found the load had been drawn off by the pack train, and we were kindless to the load and draw it down."

the ground? We could have done the same thing by letting the gas escape, but the mule would have been killed. It was necessary to pull the load down when it is in the capacity of the tank, and by drawing it down the mule can always pull the load down so as to release the tank. In return, we loaded up with a lot of timber and a lot of gas. The mule can't pull on a railroad but a 'back load' isn't any necessary, as the gas can be let out of the tank and is sufficient to catch the tank and the driver.

This, however, is not expedient except on trips of several miles. Now, you see, I don't know how to get out of the swamp and all that for it. I don't even know if it will be practicable upon railroads. I don't know how to get it out of the swamp. It will be in danger of being interfered with by the wind. You see, when it is nailed a

"I claim for my air vessel," concluded the inventor, "only the simplest and plainest of things. I have no patent, and I have successfully taken it that it is of more value than all the sky-scrapers with their mechanical contrivances. I have been only in the imaginations of their inventors," and the reporter was fully convinced that, as on the earth so in the air, the better they would crawl before he essayed to fly.

TRAINED CHAMELEONS.

What a Little Girl Accomplished by Her Own Training.

There has been written about the boy

the stupidity and the viciousness of the lizard tribe; and I want to say a word about the intelligence of the chameleons—little reptile belonging to the great lizard family, and in the antipodes of our ally, its big brother.

The incident now relates came to my observation, and demonstrated that the chameleon is susceptible of education and can be ranked with animals classed much higher in the scale of intellectual development.

Miss Henrietta Keene, a little lady who lives in Philadelphia, was presented with two Florida chameleons, and she at once began instructing and training them in the art of mimicry and kindness she won their confidence, and at her call they would raise their heads

is then and then come puffing quickly, and Baby and I nodded their little heads.

She taught them to stand up their hind legs and put their little paws together and stand in the attitude of prayer, looking solemn and closing their eyes. They could quickly imitate themselves, roll over on their sides and pretend to be dead, lying without motion, until told to rise and embrace, and then would do with every sign of joy and pleasure.

Irish Wattle.

From the Westminster Gazette.

The well from which Irish storks are drawn is inexhaustible. Here is a good sample of Pat's wit and readiness. An witness was being examined as to

knowledge of a shooting affair. "Did you see the shot fired?" the magistrate asked. "No, sorr, I only heard it," was the answer. "Is there any evidence in the factory?" replied the magistrate, sternly. "Stand down!" The witness turned at a glance, and the magistrate's back to him, turned, he laughed derisively. The magistrate, indignant at this contempt of court, called him back, and asked him how he came to be in the factory. "I heard a shot fired, your honor," queried the other. "No, sir; but I heard you," was the answer. "You are a liar," said the magistrate, said Pat, quietly, but with a twinkle in his eye. And this time everybody laughed except the magistrate.

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His Patent Impaired.

From the San Francisco Post.
Attorney Garrett McNeary recently

peared as counsel in a case before a
tribe of the peace at Suinsun. McEn-
ery found it necessary to make frequent
allusions to the evidence that opposing
counsel was attempting to introduce. The
tribe, whose first rule of evidence is "the
thing goes," looked first annoyed and
indignant. Finally he could contain
himself no longer and, as a ruling on a
McEnery's objections, roared:
"Mr. McEnery, what kind of a lawyer
are you, anyway?"
"I am a patent lawyer," replied the
torney.
"Well, all I've got to say is that the
tribe has a right to say you have a
time getting it renewed. Go on with
case."